

To

Miss Florence H. Stone

this Journal is dedicated

in appreciation

of her kindly criticism and

sincere interest

HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

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Journal

EDITORIAL



HEN, on the eve of our graduation, we first meet the wide world face to face, it is fitting that we review our preparation for life, and consider our efficiency in the field which we intend to enter.

We are possessed of ambition and a diploma. We have sacrificed four years of practical experience for four years in which to reap the benefit of the experience of others. We have given a handicap to time and in return we hope to lengthen our stride. The future alone can judge the wisdom of our choice.

We are living in the midst of a great constructive age, an age in which specialization seems imperative, in which practice and theory go hand in hand. We are rounding out the principles of a great democracy from which the curse of the dominant dollar is yet to be removed.

The watchword of our century is preparation, preparation for service, for responsibility, and for a position in modern society. The day has passed when the high school fits for college only, yet the high school graduate today is but a beginner. He has but begun his preparation for real life.

All roads lead to the college. The college of today is the great intellectual center of society. It is a powerful nucleus around which to build the atmosphere of culture and mental concentration so vital to our national vigor, for environment as much as any one thing makes the man.

We are one and all going out into the world to make good. As a class we shall doubtless never meet again, but in parting we look forward to another graduation which will raise us to a higher plane in the esteem of our fellowmen, and which will gain for us added prestige and increased responsibility in modern society.

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THE WOMAN'S VOTE IN 1700

BY DOROTHY GARDINER.



DEACON Bradford and Deacon Standish were walking homeward together from midweek prayer meeting, conversing earnestly.

"Aye, Brother," said Deacon Bradford, "you speak truly. Parson Foster has served us long and well. But he waxeth old, and many of his congregation are prone to forget the spirit, and indulge the flesh by sleeping during his sermons. We need a younger man in the pulpit, Friend John."

"What you think will be carried out, Brother Bradford," replied Deacon Standish. "For you are Senior Deacon, and there is no person so highly esteemed in our community. But it will break the Parson's heart to be told he is no longer useful, and indeed 'twill hurt me sore to see another in his place. He has baptized, wed, and buried every Standish since before my time. But what will your good wife say, Friend? She is near of kin to the Parson."

"Mistress Bradford, as always, agrees with me," responded the Senior Deacon. "She is a most excellent woman, and also wise as women go."

"The women will feel it sadly to part with Parson Foster," argued the Parson's adherent. "Might it not be well to let them have some say in the matter?"

"Nay, let the women keep their houses—their husbands can decide for them. If you should have a new, enterprising Parson, they soon would be wondering how they had been able to endure Parson Foster for so long. Let the women be, John Standish. Even Mistress Mercy Bradford knoweth not her mind but desireth me to decide for her."

"Well, Brother Miles, here we part. It will all be decided next Monday evening at the meeting. Though since we want a new and younger preacher, 'tis as much as decided we shall have one. Good even, Friend."

Miles Bradford walked on to his cheerful cottage where his sweet-faced wife greeted him affectionately. "And how was the meeting, Miles?"

"Lacking spirit, it seemed to me, Mercy. And so it seemed to many others. But a new parson will set that straight."

"Aye, Miles. A new parson will rouse us all up, methinks. A younger man will give us a taste of fire and brimstone, and that will be just what we

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need here. Too quiet we are, as you have discovered with your clear mind, Miles dear."

"Well, well, I don't know that we wish to be roused up to that extent, Mercy. We are growing old, and Parson Foster's sermons surely tell us about our desired Haven, to which we are drawing nigh. I've no objections to him on that score. But a new man will give us some new thoughts."

"True, Miles—that is what I meant. How silly I express myself. But why need I good expression when you, my wise husband, can read my thoughts, and shape them for me. A new parson will get more young people interested in his work—mayhap he'll want younger deacons, too."

Deacon Bradford wiggled a bit uneasily on his chair. "I had not thought of that. At least, I think that is highly improbable. Consider that no more wife."

"Aye, Miles, you know best, as always. Let us consider the matter no more. Cover the fire, husband, and let us read a chapter from *Matthew* tonight."

The conversation on this subject was not renewed until the next evening at the supper table.

"I was talking with Mistress Brewster this afternoon, Miles. She said Parson Foster took it sadly to heart that one that had married his own kith and kin should be against him. But I told her questions of relationship mattered not with my husband when the good of our community was concerned. A new man, who would make the church over anew, from ideas to deacons, was what my husband thought best. He would not mind having another deacon put in his place, if the new parson thought best."

"Tut, tut, lass. You mix things sadly at times. We'll have no new parson that is going to change things entirely. We just want one who will, who will—." The worthy deacon paused, at a loss for words.

"Forgive me, Miles. I am only a woman, you know, and have not a strong head like you. But though I agree with you, sore shall we miss Parson Foster—kind and gentle he is to those in trouble, and never shall I forget his tenderness when your father died. But a new man we need, one with fire instead of tenderness. Much was I vexed this afternoon when Mistress Standish said you were obstinate. We came near to high words. I showed her, though, that you always did what was right."

"Obstinate, she said, did she, lass? I'm not as stiffnecked as her husband, who never can have but one idea in his head at a time."

"Aye, Parson Foster said that once about John Standish. He doesn't admire him as he always did you, Miles. He was always proud of being kin to you. And who wouldn't be proud of a man like you!"

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The next Monday evening saw all the important deacons and elders assembled. There was silence when Miles Bradford, the Senior Deacon, rose.

"Brethren," said he, "Parson Foster has long and faithfully served us. Kind and true he is. Perhaps he may be growing old, but so are we all, and do we wish to be cast aside on that account? I, for one, say, "let us keep Parson Foster as long as he will dwell with us."

* * * * *

Deacon Standish and Deacon Bradford walked home together.

"You changed your mind, Brother Miles," said Deacon Standish. "And what does your good wife say?"

"Mercy, as always, agreed with me," replied Deacon Bradford. "At first, she, too, was zealous for a new parson, but I changed my mind, and after a little she, like a wise woman, came over to my way of thinking."

CLASS OFFICERS 1914



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"GENIUS"

By HAROLD R. KISTLER.



ATTY" Coleman was miserable. Beyond a doubt, as he perched disconsolately upon the fence, he was the most unhappy boy in Greenville.

He was under strict orders to stay in the yard all day, and there were reasons why. Try as he might, he was unable to forget the sound thrashing bestowed upon him that morning by his father.

He grunted disgustedly and cast a vengeful glance toward the house. "Why was he forever pestered with such a father? It was just his luck that fortune should thrust upon him a cruel, selfish, narrow-minded old fogey who did not even regard as important the making of a birch-bark canoe. What if he had ruined the big birch by the barn?" He climbed painfully down to terra firma. "He didn't care if the tree did die now."

"Willi—e! Willi—e!"

This morning there was something imperative about that cry, something accusing and bordering on suspicion. It prompted "Fatty" to instant action. He busied himself among the brier bushes.

"Yes ma—w." Implicit obedience and injured innocence struggled for mastery in his voice.

"Are you doing what your father told you to?"

Fatty slowly straightened up, and very deliberately tossed a rock into the empty lot across the alley. "Ya—s," he answered without looking around. His mother did not hold the same place in his heart that she formerly held! It had been she who had suggested that he be made to clean the loose stones out of the garden, and she should be made to see the error of her ways. Fatty mechanically deposited another rock in the vacant lot, and Mrs. Coleman returned to her baking.

"Hey, Fatty, come on over to Nigger's an' play circus." "Teeter" Brown and Jack Haggard climbed lazily over the fence. "What yer doin' anyway?"

Now with Fatty truth was a virtue, but policy was far better. He surveyed the speakers disinterestedly.

"Na—w," he drawled disdainfully, "who wants to play circus? It ain't no fun."

"Aw, come on, Fatty, you can be clown." "Teeter" was a diplomat and he played his cards with care.

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"Naw, I don't wanter," said Fatty with an air of vast superiority. "It's a girl's game anyhow," he added by way of explanation.

"What you wanter do anyway? asked Jack sarcastically, "there ain't wind enough to fly a kite."

Jack punctuated his remark with a well-aimed shot at a sparrow seated on the telephone wire in the alley.

A door slammed at the house, and Fatty hurriedly renewed his interest in the brier bushes, but it was only the milk man.

Apparently his mother had forgotten about him.

Genius is of many kinds and qualities. All genius is to be admired, some more than other. Somewhere among the many varieties ranks Fatty's.

He solemnly proceeded to tie himself into a knot, unwind, and hurl half a brick into the trash pile across the alley.

"I'm getting in my arm," he announced unconcernedly, "it's 'most baseball season."

"What yer throwin' at?" asked Jack skeptically.

"That beer bottle just above that old boiler lid," responded Fatty promptly; for his last shot had come nearer to that than anything else.

Shorty Harris and Jimmy Temple came around the corner of the barn and joined the group in the garden.

"Let's go crab huntin', fellers," suggested Jimmy hopefully. He had left home without chopping his kindling and wanted to get out of sight as quickly as possible.

"Can't," said Teeter importantly, "it's not long till baseball season, and we owe it to the team to get in condition." Teeter's brother played on the village team, hence the high flown language.

"What you throwin' at?" asked Shorty eagerly, and soon they, too, were "gettin' in their arms."

In Greenville, youth loves company. This Saturday morning was no exception to the rule. The fever spread rapidly. Within half an hour there were eight or ten boys in Fatty's garden, "gettin' in their arms." As would naturally be expected, the supply of loose stones rapidly diminished. By noon Fatty's job was done.

That afternoon the gang played circus, and regardless of the fact that it was a girl's game, Fatty was clown.

As I have said before, genius is of many kinds and qualities. Who knows but that in the days to come, when the fate of nations trembles in the balance, and troubles coin themselves on every hand, Fatty's genius may oil the troubled waters and start them all to "gettin' in their arms?"



TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL

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THE STYLUS



HE *Stylus* of 1913-14 has been a source of real pleasure and profit to the school. Several citizens of Taunton have commended the paper as a credit to its editors, and other school papers have printed many a generous word of praise. Such results naturally mean genuine satisfaction to the editorial board and to "all hands" who have given of themselves in this special phase of school work.

This year improvement has been made along various lines. The paper has been enlarged to double the size of issues of previous years. Through their untiring labor the business managers have broken the record in securing advertisements. The sanction of the Chamber of Commerce is largely responsible, for this so inspired, among the business men, confidence and good faith in the paper that three times the usual amount of advertising matter has been secured.

The dress of the paper has been remodeled to obvious advantage. A simple brown cover with embossed type and city seal is neat and pleasing. Generous advertisements have made it possible to use a surfaced India-tinted paper with attractive sepia print. New department cuts—not without artistic merit—and occasional photographs have been introduced. Two new departments in more serious view—the Principal's page and the literary—have also been added. The excellent stories and the verse contributed largely by the Class of 1914 are further features of the paper.

It looks as if the Class of 1914 had set the literary ball rolling in the right direction. With the enlargement of the size and scope of the *Stylus* there will doubtless be a demand for more frequent numbers and wider circulation in and out of the high school.

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CLASS ODE

By BEATRICE S. RAYMENT

O high school days, so rich in mem'ries dear,
With all thy friendships fond we've passed thee by;
We gaze into the future without fear,
Dauntless and strong, the great unknown to try.

With true ambition's zeal we turn the page,
Another page within the book of life,
And on it write, with youthful ardor's gage,
The triumphs and disasters of the strife.

And, as our footsteps trace the thorny path,
Where grief and wasting care their share demand,
Oh, may thy precepts help us then to laugh
At failure's threat on stormy sea and strand.

Now bind us to thee closer day by day,
As with the years are born increasing powers;
And may thy joyous pride in us repay
The burden and the heat of toilsome hours.

JOURNAL STAFF 1914



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THE LIVES OF PEDRO

By BEATRICE S. RAYMENT.



PEDRO was nothing but a cat, a most peculiar cat. His long yellow body seemed to stretch out like that of a caterpillar, as he rolled over on the dock; his long legs were entirely too long, even in comparison to his body, but the queerest part of all was his eyes—great green eyes that did not grow bright at night and dull in the daytime—O, no, Pedro's eyes were livid green at all hours.

Perhaps Pedro's tawny whiskers and pointed ears alone would have inspired the natives with a certain amount of respect, but the glint of those eyes won him a reverence due only to the Siamese elephant. Even Captain White fell under the spell of those eyes.

"Do you know," he would say as he watched Pedro blinking in the sunlight, "I believe I should know that cat anywhere. I never saw one like it before. They do have the queerest animals in this little South American city."

"Pedro, he mascot on Guana ship 'Bella,'" explained one of the natives in broken English, "Me no worry 'bout 'im. Cats has nine lives anyhow, an' Pedro he more'n that. He nevaire die. Captaine, a cat weeth eyes like them eyes, 'ee nevaire die, he come under Vallas' power, a weetch vat you call heem."

Captain White laughed. He had heard the superstition of the natives in almost every clime, and they amused him.

However, the green eyes of the cat kept coming before him for several days, just as a mere snatch of a song is wont to run through the mind for days after it has first been heard.

By the time he set sail, Captain White had entirely recovered from what he termed "Catitis," and in the events of his voyage he soon forgot about the cat.

It was in November that they sailed up through the Atlantic Ocean, and were just about at the end of Cape Cod, all with visions of a Thanksgiving dinner in their own homes, when one night a severe storm came up. The snow fell in blinding torrents and the ship, tossing in every direction, was about to seek a safe harbor, when the distress signal of another ship was heard to the west.

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Forgetting his own danger, Captain White gave orders for the pilot to turn towards the troubled ship, and in spite of the entreaties of the crew, he remained firm in his decision.

"There's a chance for us to save a life," he said, "let's do it."

Rocked about and almost overpowered by the storm, the ship finally reached the distressed vessel. There lay the 'Bella,' half buried in the shoals. As they cut the boats loose, a vision of Pedro appeared to the captain with the green eyes he never could forget.

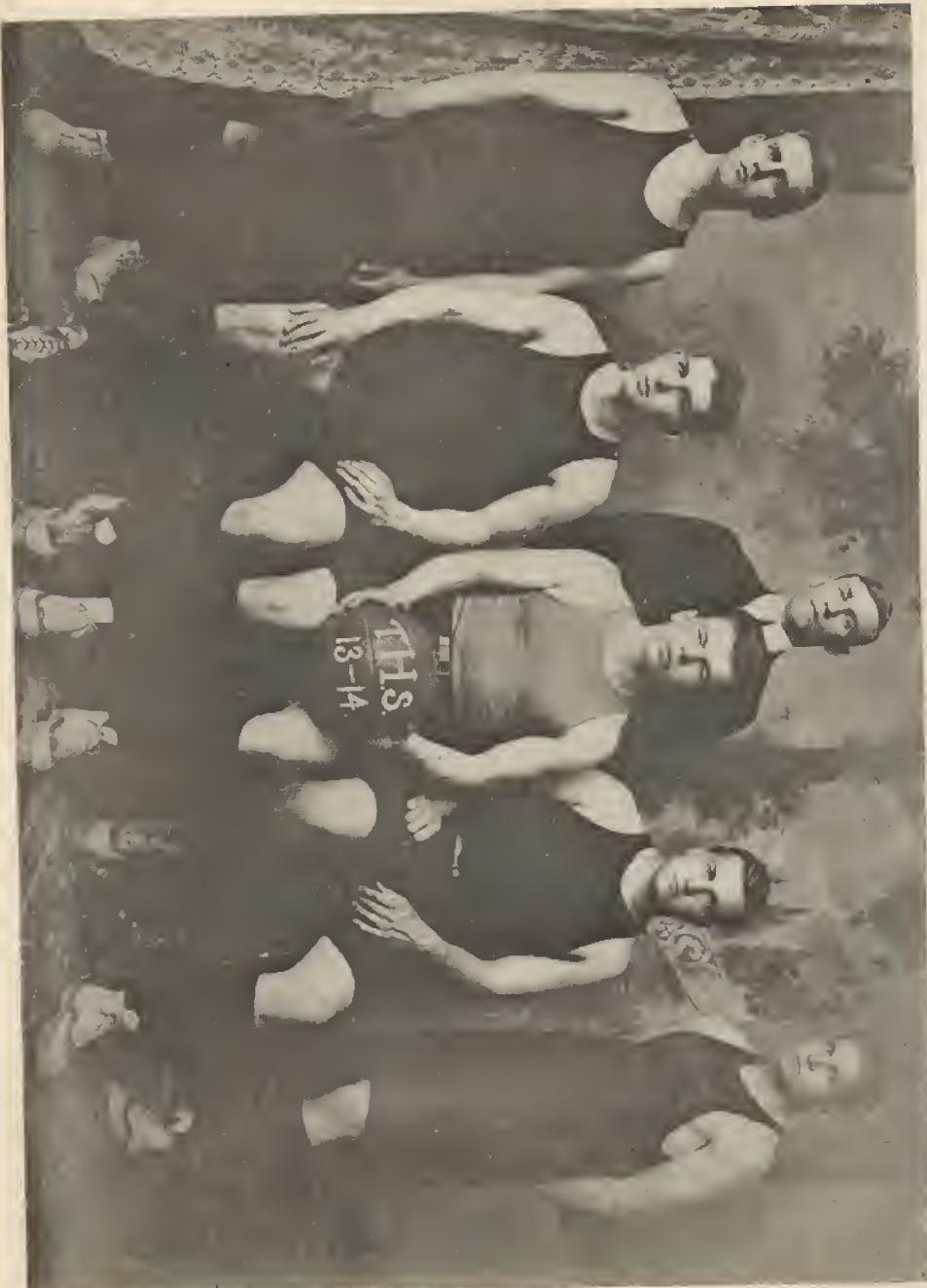
On board the sinking ship a scene of wild confusion came to view. Some of the crew were lashed to the mast, others lay frozen to death on the deck. Of the twenty who set sail, only four of the stricken crew were taken off alive.

Nothing more could be done. The half dying men were gradually reviving when Captain White, as he looked across the sea, foaming with its dark green waves, suddenly thought of Pedro. He could not restrain the queer fancy that the cat's drowning there, might make the sea still greener.

"Great guns," he cried, "I forgot all about the cat but I know of one superstition that will prove true. If I leave Pedro here, his eyes will haunt me the rest of my life."

With a leap, he rushed down into the wrecked cabin, and returned with a long, yellow cat in his arms; a cat whose long legs were too long in comparison with his body, and whose eyes—but we have mentioned his eyes before. Held tightly in Captain White's arms, he looked up, and his bright eyes squinted as much as to say, "Thank you, you have saved my life."

Captain White wiped his forehead. "Well, Pedro," he said, "it was a close call, and it must have been your ninth life at that."



DUFFY

ANTHONY

HUNT (COACH)
LOCKHART (CAPT.)

KISTLER

BOEWE

ATHLETICS

By HERBERT L. DUFFY.

BASKETBALL



LL thoughts of having a basketball team to represent the High School for the season of 1914 were banished until the local Y. M. C. A. agreed upon the financial backing of the team. Hasty arrangements were made, and a game was secured two days later with the strong Technical High team of Fall River. The Fall River season was well under way, and the Border City aggregation swamped the Tauntonians although, while their wind lasted, they outpointed Fall River. No more defeats were sustained until Fall River came to Taunton. This latter game was closely fought, Fall River winning in the first half when they scored 18 of their 29 points. The score was 29-23. The Alumni were next defeated by a score of 36-35 in a close, hard-fought game. Kearns excelled for the graduates, scoring 28 of their points. The season was not financially successful and was, consequently, cut short, with eight games won and two lost.

As in football, the team was successful and developed rapidly under the coaching of Mr. Hunt. Lockhart, at forward, showed his well-known accuracy and speed, easily outclassing any opponent with whom he had to contend. As defense, we had Dutch Boewe and Cheese Anthony, two men who worked like a charm. Many a hard-fought game was won because of the small number of baskets scored against them. Anthony also played forward while Lockhart took a position as flying back. This combination worked well for a while. Anthony proved to be a scorer of no mean ability while his pass work was great. With these men working in unison it is hard to understand how Taunton was beaten at all. The general opinion seems to be that lack of support by the student body was the cause of the loss of the championship of the state.

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FOOTBALL



N the first day of school last September the aspirants for the football squad were called out by Coach Hunt and Captain Boewe. Much work had to be done and, in spite of the early start, it was scarcely finished before the opening game at Bridgewater. After a gruelling struggle this game was lost by a close score. Two more defeats followed at Pawtucket and Newport. Instead of disheartening the fellows, however, these defeats served the purpose of showing the weak spots in the line and what the men could do under adverse circumstances. The first triumph was scored over the strong combined forces of the Durfee High School and Durfee Technical High School at Fall River. Several other less important contests were then played and won by Taunton. The next important game was with the Fall River boys at Taunton. Fall River was overwhelmed by a score of 34-0. In the New Bedford game at Taunton, Taunton completely outclassed the visitors and won easily, clinching the championship of Southeastern Massachusetts. A journey to Providence was the next venture. Here the crippled Taunton line-up suffered a decisive defeat at the hands of the strong Providence Technical School. The next day Taunton closed the playing season by defeating the strong Boston College High team by a 6-0 score.

Without such stars as Captain Boewe, Anthony, and Goodrich in the back-field, and Leonard, Lockhart, Mather, Cohen, and Lincoln in the line, such a successful season could scarcely be accomplished. Captain Boewe was leader in deed as well as in name. His long forward passes were of great value, in fact they won the Fall River game at Fall River in the last five minutes of play. On the receiving end of Boewe's passes was Jack Anthony. Not only did he excel in receiving forward passes, but his tackling and line tricking made him superior to any other fullback in this section of the country. As a successor to his brother at quarter-back we had Charlie Goodrich. He ran the team in a masterly way and shows promise of even further development. Captain Boewe, Anthony, Goodrich, Smith, Hallihan, and Duffy earned places on the interscholastic choice of the newspapers.

The annual banquet tendered by the sophomore class proved to be a great success. The guest of honor, Captain Fraser of Colby, gave a very interesting speech which was pleasing to every one.



WILDE (ASST MGR.) HALLIAN SANFORD LEONARD MOORE LINCOLN COHEN HUNT (COACH) BAKER (MGR.)
MATHER GOODRICH ANTHONY BOEWE (CAPT.) DUNIFN LOCKHART
HARLOW SWIG KELLY ROSTER

BASEBALL



THE prospects of having another championship baseball team at Taunton High at first seemed very bright. Although we lost many of the veterans of the team by graduation, yet there were those left who, together with a great deal of new material, gave great promise of a repetition of last year's success. These men were called out early by Coach Hunt, and battery practice was begun in February at the Y. M. C. A. As soon as the weather permitted, all candidates were called out at the Colonial League grounds which were being remodelled for the new league. Over thirty candidates reported, the largest squad in the history of the school. The remodelling of the field hampered the practice of the team, and our early defects were due largely to the lack of team work, which it was impossible to work up on a field which was being plowed up and scraped every day. After a few days of this unsatisfactory practice Taunton journeyed to Bridgewater and were defeated in a poorly played game marked with errors and poor umpiring. Another seesaw game was lost to the High School at Bridgewater. The next game was lost to Durfee at Fall River who, although they had an inferior team, managed to win on Taunton's errors. In the next game with Fall River Technical, Taunton displayed a decided reversal of form and, although defeated, played a good game of ball. This showing seemed to encourage the men, for they defeated in succession Mansfield, North Attleboro, Attleboro, St. George's Preparatory School of Newport, and Durfee High School. Taunton has also secured a strangle hold on the championship of the Interscholastic League.

In all these games free hitting characterized the team at bat while an abundance of errors were made in the field. Anthony leads thus far in slugging the ball with two home runs, a half dozen or more triples, and sundry other two base hits and singles. Goodrich has also been hitting consistently while Needham, Mather, and Gregg have cleaned the sacks several times. Cohen, Manter, and Hallahan fill out the list of heavy hitters and help make the Taunton batting list one of the most formidable in this part of the country. To offset this, Taunton has not fielded up to the standard. This failing, however, can be attributed to unsatisfactory practice caused by the poor field we have had. It is a pity Taunton cannot afford an athletic field fit for the teams which have in past years represented the school. Four championships have come to Taunton during the last two years. This year, in spite of the handicap of a poor playing surface, Taunton has produced a team of heavy hitters who bid fair to bat their way to another championship.

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THE DAWN.

By EDMUND J. FLYNN.

I awake; and then from my window
Gaze enraptured out over the bay,
Where the shimmering glittering wavelets
Are proclaiming the dawn of the day.
The first golden beams of the sunshine
Have shamed all the night fog away;
And the sails fill, enhancing the beauty
Of the dawn's dancing ripples at play.

What if wild whistles be blowing?
What if the steamers roar?
What if motorboats' insolent chugging
Often drowns the soft dip of the oar?
I am dead to the world and its business;
These harsh sounds, annoy me and bore,
But the picture of this summer morning
I will keep in my heart evermore.



PEPLER ANTHONY HUNT (COACH) GOODRICH MATHER FLYNN (MGR.)
LEDDY REILLY DUFFY (CAPT.) HALLINAN RUBIN GREGG
NEEDHAM

Journal

CLASS PROPHECY

By MILDRED HODGMAN



T was all due to my curiosity, and I've still a few qualms about fessing up just how I managed to look through the crystal ball, literally speaking, and view my class ten years after they had graduated. At the time I was in India and, having met Mr. Ward, who had taken to lecturing since the entire class of 1923 graduated with *summa cum*, my curiosity about my own class of 1914 was naturally increased.

Perhaps you have heard of the new mental telescope which has recently been perfected in India through the assistance of Mr. Hathaway? As I have never heard of a parallel case, I really think I may be excused for telling the whole truth. This remarkable mechanism makes it possible for the human eye, through the medium of intense concentration of heavy lenses, to view the whole earth's surface dimly, but the object desired to be seen is set off in white relief. Even now this invention is barely known to scientists, but at that time only grand astronomers were allowed the privileges of looking through its all-seeing eye. However, I reminded Mr. Hathaway of our pleasant year of study together and the examination from which he did not exempt me, and he finally agreed to give me a few hours to get the proper focus on all my class mates. I turned a tiny level, tapped several times on the delicate lens, and thought intently of T. H. S.

The continent of North America became vaguely discernible; it rushed toward me until only Mexico was visible. I saw Mexico City with its splendid new State House and a procession solemnly marching by its portals. Then everything became dark save the central figure. Leaning over the marble railing of the stately balcony, Commander in General Wilde, ex-captain of the T. H. S. cadets, addressed his troops with touching eloquence concerning their duty to the U. S. A. and their gratitude to him as their generous conqueror. Both of his army were cheering wildly.

The vision faded, I tapped the lens again. I saw an auto sweep up to our own high school steps—I saw Miss Lincoln calmly stand in the driver's seat and in a clear, brisk, staccato, address the admiring pupils. Of course I could not hear all the words, but I managed to make out the first of the speech.

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"It gratifies me to have you gathered here on this spot hallowed by fond memories of lessons well done, and I want to assure all that I greatly attribute my stage success to the training I received in T. H. S."

You can just believe me, I wished I'd studied the art of lip reading, but it wouldn't have done me much good because the scene soon shifted, and this time I saw Sherry's.

The lens focused itself on a single table. The girl was very pretty. I was sure I had never seen her before. Evidently her escort was of 1914, but he was so intent upon the young lady's conversation that I couldn't see his face. Thinking that perhaps the girl's words would give me a clue, I watched her carefully.

"I think your new book is splendid," murmured she, "and your poem, 'Experiences of a Young Editor', is so vivid. Where did you ever get the idea?"

They rose. He turned and smiled—'twas Kistler.

Next I viewed a dance hall, but the steps were so complicated, and it was so long since I'd danced, that I couldn't quite make them out. Soon, however, I spied Forbes pivoting with a charming blonde, the daughter of a famous Harvard professor, and I distinctly saw him say, "Yes, I lecture at Radcliffe tomorrow on the Sensible Socialist, and I am delighted that you will be there."

Up to this time I had been allowed merely to see the class, but now, after repeated cautionings, I was so far privileged as to use a very special arrangement that transmitted the speaking voice quite perfectly. Indeed this gave the final touch of reality to the following scene at an opera rehearsal.

"Atkins," called the director, "your voice has all the tenderly touching timbre that is desired, but man, you must *suffer*. To sing this with sincerity you must live in agony. Think, think when have you suffered supremely, feel again the mental anguish, and your interpretation will be quite perfect." "To think," murmured Atkins, "that American history class could have done this for me."

"Well, that's hitting the high places," thought I, "wonder if any of the others have followed the gentle arts." Even as I thought, I saw a section of a finely appointed school-house. At a desk sat Miss Marie Tunison with a pre-occupied air. Occasionally she tapped out a rhythm, and I perceived she was composing a beautiful lyric dedicated to Miss Horton. In the other school room a young man pondered, but not of rhythm. With great care as to penmanship he intently scribbled this effusion:

"If you'll just take a little of the blueness of the sky
A cloud for the lashes, and you've got my Marie's eyes."

"Really," thought I, "I hope I won't have to take any more leaps from

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a gay dance hall to a tragic opera." I don't believe in these mental reactions. Obedient to the first sound, even suggestive of chemistry, the telescope whirled around thrice.

O fickle goddess of Fortune! There was I, after having traveled over half the world in search of the unique, the bizarre, and I might have staid at home and—but I'm getting ahead of my story. I viewed a hall of dully polished wood, soft cushiony chairs, and a stage flanked with palms and screened with Persian tapestry. The room was plainly designed by a master hand. Later I was to find that Jordan had developed his architectural gift, but at that moment I was intent upon the audience. Culture was the prevalent note; some conversed in Greek but the majority contented themselves with Latin. Forsooth, why the incredulous expression? Don't you believe T. H. S. is capable of producing such a body? There now the surprise is out. It was the remodeled hall of our own T. H. S. The student body had been called together to do honor to some of the successful artists of the remarkable class of 1914. Miss Florence Gibbons and Miss Blanche Greene led off with their concerts, entitled "Syncopated Stillness." I believe this somewhat corresponds to the futurists' art. Next Miss Horton sang, read, and lectured on the future in kindergarten work. She was extremely interesting and proved her versatility. However, I heard her expostulating with Mr. Howes for not having arranged the program so that she might get an earlier train to Boston. Next Miss Cole, the well known dancer, "twinkled" to the footlights, "hesitated" a moment, then "one stepped" into the "Castle Walk" and finally gracefully glided from sight. Mr. Hayward also followed the terpsichorean art and gave some charming selections from his best solo dances, but he claims that modern dancing is most trying to a majority of *soles* because of its demand for quick action which naturally jars the dignity of expression. Mr. O'Neill concluded the entertainment in his usual brilliant style. Since 1914, he has allowed his hair to grow long and curly, and he looks the musician from head to heel.

Perhaps it is true that human nature is never satisfied. Having begged for a display of the artistic and poetic achievements of the class, I now felt a desire for something substantial, material prosperity for instance. In my anxiety to get a proper focus on this new phase I jolted the telescope.

There leaped into sight a riotous scene of maddening confusion. A throng of scrambling figures surged round some doughty fighter who wildly waved a bit of paper. The shouts merged with an incessant ticking. Indeed it suggested to me the world's last hour with Time's clock audibly counting off the seconds while mobs crowded to escape. Then I realized that this must be the

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famed stock exchange and that a great panic had occurred. Suddenly a man came elbowing his way out of the vortex and jumped into a taxi. In that brief second I recognized Williams. The taxi whirled away. Eagerly I waited for the mist, which obscured the lens, to clear. I saw Williams burst into an office and, tearing through the outer room, dart into the "sanctum sanctorum." At the desk sat Bassett intent upon the tape that ticked monotonously on, reading from its imperturbable surface the fate of his latest venture. As Williams entered, he barely raised his head and merely motioned for his expert stenographers, Misses Scanlon and Morrissey.

"The bears have it, we've won," cried Williams, "it's us for easy street!"

If you hope for an hour or so of relaxation, take my word for it and don't look up the present or future of your 1914 classmates. Having barely recuperated from one shock, I soon experienced a far greater one.

A scene of carnage lay before me, battle smoke enfolded the daring fighting with its deathly pall, but high above the contending armies a white-winged aeroplane dipped and darted. It held its inventors, Beers and Merrill, and Lothrop Walker, one of the General's staff.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Beers. "Please keep still, Walker, your cranings annoy me exceedingly."

"Oh, come off," answered Walker, "I thought I saw a pretty senorita down there."

Then as the smoke rolled back a trifle, I spied Marble and Schefer bravely defending the commissary department. Above them floated the banner. "This lost, all lost."

But re-enforcements were hurrying to their aid. Seeing the precarious position of the grub train, Boewe and Dorigan with their usual pluck plunged through the enemies' line closely followed by Baker and McCarthy. This strategic point being saved, Rubin immediately composed a poem entitled, "O that Charge of the Four," beginning something like this:

"We're coming, yes, we're coming,
Stand, Marble, like a stone,
And don't you dare to give 'em
So much as even a bone."

Next I saw "Juice" Dunlap riding post haste to deliver his latest "find" to his faithful typists, Misses Ambrose, Carroll, and O'Brien. Indeed the girls of 1914 proved of heroic stuff, the three already mentioned, notable for service ever on the firing line, but we must also speak with touching emphasis of the nurses who dutifully cared for the wounded. Miss Crapo was trying out her new science of geometrical surgery by Professor Walker's formula. However, it was later that I learned of the unique service of these girls. At that

moment I witnessed the dashing departure of Allen and Conant on their way to meet the picturesque bandit chieftain, "Polly" Manter. "Polly", having tired of the tame U. S. A., had set up an empire of his own in South America and completely terrorized the country for miles around. Now he was riding to offer his troops to his native land, and accompanying him were his staff, Dunbar and Chaplain Gallagher. A merry crowd they made, and heartily were they greeted by our troops.

"Scoop" Gregg who had become the discerning reporter that his old T. H. S. nickname signifies, and who had greatly obliged his philanthropic friends, Hager and Mather, by keeping all accounts of their actions out of the newspapers, had finally answered his country's call and was modestly standing in the background writing up his first war report.

Wetherell was busily tearing off yards of "movie" films, preserving this memorable reunion to posterity, and beside him stood Harlow who had invested a million or so in Wetherell's "movie" improvements. A million may seem a rather startling sum, but Harlow had followed the lucrative trade of horse-shoeing. Then, as if to add the final touch, Colonel Hoye spurred gaily into sight. "Look out for the camera," yelled Wetherell, "you've cut Polly's turban right out of the picture." But George never moved a bit. Next I viewed the hospital ward where Miss Tooker and her assistants, Misses Carpenter, Evans, Hopkins, Kehoe, and Woolley, proved so successful that the patients never admitted themselves cured. So much for the war news of our 1914.

I gladly welcomed the frivolity of a theatre scene and glorified in Miss Avila's dramatic interpretation of Lady Macbeth. The applause was loud, especially from one section of the theatre where I saw Misses Freeman, Knowles, Scanlon, and Tyndal with their respective husbands. I suppose I might tell you their present names and just how hubbies impressed me, but suffice it to say they are all very happy, and when you meet them they will undoubtedly confide just why He is the bestest—oh well you know the rest.

Perhaps you have already heard of Miss Atwell's success with the mandolin. What instrument more romantic, and what setting more appropriate than a pleasant nook and an appreciative audience, but here I'm raving on like a regular gossip.

By this time the telescope was jumping round like an aching tooth, and I caught merely fleeting glimpses.

I saw Misses Mackenzie and Lawton racing toward Holyoke in their twelve-cylinder auto-hydroplane. Even though they dashed along 100 per they pre-

Journal pared a lecture on "The individual who combines learning and life, wisdom and wit." This they were to present to Dean Swift who would read it to the student body.

Although my opinion may not count for all it should in this world, I must express my admiration for a man who holds true to his principles. Therefore it delighted me to see Surgens zealously caroling with the Salvation Army and confessing to the pretty captain that her arguments had made of him an ardent follower.

You all remember Sprague, the math shark and corner decoration for Mr. Walker's platform. Well, since the days of 1914, he's dabbled in many things and proved successful in most, but where do you suppose I found him—back on Mr. Walker's platform. This is what he was saying: "You were the first to stand me firmly on my feet, and I thank you for it, yes, I thank you."

Misses Claire and Gertrude O'Neil have long been acknowledged the most exclusive florists of Boston, and I was not at all surprised to find Leddy armed with a ten dollar bill personally selecting a rose here and there before he hurried to make his usual call on Beacon street.

Next I witnessed a meeting of the "United Secretaries of America." Misses Gorham, Hall, and Pontin were conspicuously scheduled as speakers, and Miss Swig was to read her well-known paper, "Speech may be silvery but silence is golden."

The next revelation proved the large department store of Misses Lehan, Lehmkuhl, Leonard, and Levi. These girls had certainly proved the boasted ability of the American business woman and were thinking of still further enlarging their plant and including Misses Morrissey, Rogers, and Rafter as junior partners.

I spied Chase at the zenith of his whirlwind campaign for the office of Taunton's mayor. It is said that his natural argumentative ability has been of great avail in his political life.

Feeling positive that your old fondness for "movies" has not diminished since 1914, I'm sure you can well imagine how surprised and delighted I was to see Miss Quigley in her new "movie" drama, "The Mysterious Misfortunes of May," and to find her ably supported by Misses Sears, Sheehy, Simmons, Snow, Sullivan, and Smith, widely known as the S. Sisters Sextette.

An impressive hall rose before me, and gazing into a room lined with bird specimens and garnished with fire-arms, I saw Quail nonchalantly leaning upon the rich mahogany center table, addressing a body of high-brow naturalists.

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Quail is acknowledged the greatest "Nature Faker" of this epoch and is universally known as the leading authority on the propagation of his feathered namesakes.

We are rightly proud of our naturalists, but let us glory in the mighty men who bend rocks to their will and juggle elemental nature as a mere plaything. Hence when the telescope revealed to me MacAdam, the noted Civil Engineer, who naturally inclines toward highway improvements, I was quite overcome by the indefatigable energy of my classmates. MacGrath and Moran are of great assistance to MacAdam and are considered his right hand men.

Within the past hour I had heard ominous rumblings, but I had been so entirely absorbed that I was not conscious of a terrific thunder storm until it had swooped down from the purplish hills and afforded from the observatory window a sight of barbaric splendor. You may not believe me but I staid with the telescope, and that worthy contrivance pierced the lowering thunder heads and brought before me a tranquil scene in Taunton. "Sturgis and Goodwin's Emporium." The flashing letters were plainly discernible to the most remote suburbs of our city. I was deeply impressed by the evident opulence of the store. Peering still closer, I saw Misses Godfrey and Martell, the speediest stenographers in America, busily at work on a detailed account to be sent to Lincoln, the firm's foreign buyer of fancy goods.

Just as I was getting a trifle accustomed to this resplendent Taunton, the telescope airily whirled me away to a farm in Canada. There I saw Murray, Jr., harvesting his enormous apple crop with Neff 2nd, superintending the cider mill.

From the orchards of Canada I was transported to a scene in Lucerne. On the piazza of the "Sweitzerhof," Miss Rayment was hurriedly looking over the correspondence which her capable secretary, Miss Bignall, had marked "urgent." Miss Rayment is not only a popular novelist but the authoress of many beautiful poems. She is often complimented on her charming style.

Up to this time the telescope had behaved in a most exemplary manner. Reliable and all-seeing, it had accomplished the most wonderful feat of modern science, but now it began to swing aimlessly. Slower and slower it swung as if groping for something, and then it straightened with a quivering jerk. Eagerly looking through it, I saw a fine steamer with a golden banner inscribed The Terrestrial Traveler. It seems that Miss Kingsley, after having achieved great success as a teacher, had organized this society which was extremely popular with young women of means and distinction. As I scanned the decks, I saw the smiling faces of my former classmates, Misses Ryman, McClellan, Nickerson, and Townsend.

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"Duffy, Duffy, 'bully' for Duffy! Taunton, Taunton, rah! !" These astounding yet familiar cheers reached me before I had even time to look through the telescope. Sure enough, there was Duffy, surrounded by the howling students of 1924. Since the days of that memorable year 1914, he has become a big leaguer and the most lionized pitcher in the country. Despite his deserved popularity, which naturally made great demands on his time, he took a running trip to T. H. S., just to witness the first game on the new athletic grounds, and the students were rising as a whole to cheer him. "Duffy, Duffy, bully for Duffy, Taunton, Taunton, rah! !" Fainter and fainter came the cheering, dimmer and dimmer grew the picture.

I had seen you all from the A's to the W's and I was proud of you. You were fast disappearing,—back you slipped into the complicated system of things. Again you became an intangible spirit of 1914. As a whole I shall probably never see you again. The faint cheering ceased, the dim picture vanished, I was left to think over your splendid achievements. Why, every one of you had accomplished things worth while! Happy for you and yet far from satisfied with myself, I started to turn away, but something drew me to the telescope. For the last time I looked through. I read,

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." Cheer up, there's hope for me.



CAPTAIN HARRIE S. WILDE

1ST LIEUTENANT HENRY STURGIS

2ND LIEUTENANT HARRIE DORRIGAN



CADETS

By WINTHROP BAKER



On September 8, 1910, thirty members of the Class of 1914 joined the Taunton High School Cadets. Today the senior cadets number but ten, many of the class being forced to give up school before completing the full four years. Still our class never lacked an abundance of military fame. Since our year as "rookies" when Dorian won the Junior medal and Allen, honorable mention, there has been but one drill in which we failed to capture at least one of the prizes.

During our high school course our activities have been varied. We have marched on several occasions, in Memorial Day parades and as escorts at the time of Roosevelt's visit to Taunton. Many of us have had opportunities, too, to act as ushers and waiters on different occasions. While not strictly military, a waiter's duties are, as every cadet knows, distinctly pleasing.

This year two precedents have been established which we hope will be followed in years to come. A large delegation of cadets accepted an invitation to attend the Sunday Memorial services at the Weir Methodist church when Mr. McGee preached a fine sermon for the Spanish War Veterans, the Militia, the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the Cadets. On Memorial Day, the cadets besides marching as usual, helped, for the first time, in decorating the soldiers' graves.

Through the efforts of Captain Wilde, "modern dances" have been introduced at the prize drills with unmarred success. The seniors are attempting now to strike upon some plan for interesting next year's freshmen in the cadets. Lack of interest in cadets on the part of the freshmen is plainly seen in the small numbers of recruits secured each year.

Twice in the past four years the cadets have had picnics at Rhodes. The third year finances forbade this, and this year it seems to be the opinion of the majority that there are better uses for the money of the company.

On June 5, occurred the last drill in which the present senior class took part. The officers close the year with best wishes to next year's corps of cadets.

Journal

WHO'S WHO IN THE CLASS OF 1914

By DORIS M. TYNDAL AND MARION L. WOOLLEY.

Allen, Charles Augustus; "Gus;" Cohannet School; commercial course; sergeant 1913-14; catcher on class baseball team.

Ambrose, Ruth Beatrice Black; Cohannet School; commercial course; "Jane", the cook, in the Junior play "Daddy;" first depositor in the school bank, 1914; essay at graduation.

Atkins, Malcolm Williams; Cohannet school; general course; corporal and assistant treasurer of cadets, 1912-13; assistant business manager of *Stylus*, 1912-13; "Paul Chester" in the Junior play; first sergeant 1913-14.

Atwell, Mary Mildred; Cohannet school; college course; Exchange editor for *Stylus* 1913-14; member of Kappa Phi Delta; member of the ten.

Avila, Florence Louise; Bay Street school; commercial course.

Baker, Winthrop Lewis; "Shrimp;" Weir school; general course; manager of football team 1912-13; sergeant of cadets 1913-14; vice president of Athletic Association 1913-14.

Bassett, Clarence Eustus; Bay Street school; technical course; class president; member of the *Stylus* Board 1911 and 1912; "Mr. Wrexon Brown" in Junior play; business manager of the *Journal*; address of welcome at graduation.

Beers, Gilbert Francis; Cohannet school; technical course.

Bignall, Katherine Marie; Cohannet school; commercial course; clerk in the school bank.

Boewe, Walter Bruno; Bay Street school; college course; class treasurer; right guard in basketball for three years; left half-back and football captain 1913-14.

Carpenter, Hazel S.; Cohannet school; general course.

Carroll, Mildred Agnes; Cohannet school; commercial course; clerk in the school bank.

Chace, Warren L.; Weir school; commercial course.

Cole, Ethel Myrtle; Winthrop school; commercial course; clerk in the school bank and office; story writer for *Stylus*.

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Conant, Earle Leonard; "Porky;" Weir school; technical course; private in the cadets 1910-13.

Crapo, Gladys Louise; Cohannet school; college course; "Mrs. Wrexon Brown" in Junior play.

Dorigan, Harry Williams; Cohannet school; commercial course; winner of Junior cadet medal; member of the school council, 1912-13; Junior baseball team; "James" the butler in the Junior play; corporal, 1912-13; second lieutenant, 1913-14; chairman of vigilance committee; winner of Fish cup.

Duffy, Herbert Lewis; Bay Street school; college course; half-back on football team; forward on basketball team; athletic editor of *Stylus*, 1913-14; class vice-president, 1913-14; short stop for four years.

Dunbar, Charles Basil; Leonard school; commercial course.

Dunlap, Lincoln Francis; North Dighton grammar school; college course; private in cadets, 1910-13; center field in Junior baseball team; manager of Junior baseball team.

Evans, Helen Louise; Weir school; general course; one of the three winners in a book match in English, 1914.

Forbes, Allyn Bailey; Cohannet school; college course; sergeant; class pin committee, 1910; picture committee, 1914; declamation at graduation.

Freeman, Abby Marjorie; Weir school; college course; Kappa Phi Delta 1914.

Gallagher, Edward Leo; "Ned;" Cohannet school; college course; pitch and short stop on the Junior class team, 1914.

Gibbons, Florence Marie; Cohannet school; commercial course.

Godfrey, Ruth Katherine; transferred from Pawtucket High school, 1911; college course; member of Kappa Phi Delta.

Goodwin, George Clinton; transferred from Providence Technical; technical course; class play committee, 1913.

Gorham, Ruth Green; County Street school; commercial course.

Greene, Blanche Wilberna; South school; commercial course; pianist, 1914.

Gregg, John Joseph; "Scoop;" Weir Grammar school; general course; reporter of school games; catcher baseball two seasons.

Hagar, Charles Milton; Cohannet Grammar school; technical course; second sergeant.

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Hall, Ethel Gertrude; County Street school; normal course, 1910; commercial course, 1911-1914.

Harlow, Milton Warren; Weir Grammar school; commercial course; substitute on football team, 1914; quartermaster of the cadets, 1914.

Hayward, Ralph Milton; Bay Street school; college course; dance order committee for Class Play, 1913.

Hodgman, Mildred; Cohannet Grammar school; general course; "Nellie Brown" in Junior Class Play; story writer for the *Stylus*, 1914; Class Prophet.

Hopkins, Maud Ella; "Hee Haw;" Cohannet school; general course.

Horton, Edith Charles; Cohannet school; general course; semi-chorus and solo work.

Hoye, George Francis; Cohannet school; commercial course.

Jordan, Earl Parker; Leonard school; commercial course; lunch ticket salesman, 1914; manager of senior baseball team, 1914.

Kehoe, Anna Hildagarde; Cohannet school; commercial course, 1911-1914; secretary of "Literary Climbers," 1912.

Kingsley, Marjorie Faye; South school; college course; president of literary society, 1912.

Kistler, Harold Romaine; "Cap;" Oak Park High School, Oak Park, Illinois; Columbia Military Academy, Columbia, Tennessee; college course; editor-in-chief of *Stylus*, 1913-1914; editor of *Journal*, 1914; left guard in basketball, 1913-1914.

Knowles, Theodora L., "Ted;" Bay Street school; college course.

Lawton, Ida Mae; Cohannet Grammar school; college course, 1911-1912; general course, 1913-1914; member of Kappa Phi Delta, 1914.

Leddy, Andrew J.; Bay Street school; college course; pitcher and outfielder, 1914.

Lehan, Mary Ellen; Weir school; commercial course; clerk in the school bank, 1914.

Lemkuhl, Loretta May; East Taunton grammar school; normal course.

Leonard, Gertrude Farnham; Lothrop school; general course.

Levi, Gertrude; Cohannet school; college course; member of literary club, 1912; one of the ten.

Lincoln, Clayton; Gilmore grammar school, Raynham; commercial course.

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Lincoln, Rachael Elizabeth; "Ray;" Bay Street school; college course; member of Kappa Phi Delta, 1914; secretary of class, 1913-14.

MacAdam, D. Andrew; "Mac," "Dave;" Gilmore grammar school; commercial course; private in cadets, 1910-12; center field Junior baseball; center field Senior baseball.

Mackenzie, Helen Francis; "Mack;" Cohannet school; college course; member of Kappa Phi Delta, 1914; one of the ten.

Manter, Paul R.; Cohannet school; technical course; tackle, 1913; football, 1910-12; substitute end, 1911-12; basketball, 1910-14; pitcher and outfield baseball, 1913.

Marble, Surbinas Palmer; Cohannet school; technical course; Junior play committee; left guard in football, 1913.

Martell, Helen Catherine; Weir school; commercial course.

Mather, John Stuart; "Jackie;" Bay Street school; commercial course; outfield, 1913; right end, 1913; first base, 1914.

McCarthy, John Francis; "Mac;" Cohannet school; commercial course; outfield Junior baseball team, 1913.

McClellan, Mary Lillian; Winthrop school; commercial course; member of literary club, 1911; story writer for *Stylus*.

McGrath, James Harold; Bay Street school; college course; first base on Senior class team.

Merrill, Donald Godfrey; Cohannet school; technical course; advertising manager for *Journal*, 1914; preparing M. I. T.; essay at graduation.

Moran, Francis Aloysius; Cohannet school; technical course.

Morrissey, Mary Louise; Winthrop school; commercial course; member of a literary club, 1911; clerk in the bank, 1914.

Murray, Harry Athol; Cambridge High school; college course; finished four years' course in three years.

Neff, William Spenser, 2nd; "Bill," "Neffee"; Winthrop school; commercial course; member of Junior polo team; left field, 1913-14.

Nickerson, Gertrude May; "Gert;" Raynham Center grammar school; commercial course; member of "Literary Climbers," 1912; member of Kappa Phi Delta, 1914.

O'Brien, Grace Catherine; Parochial school; commercial course; keeper of the lunch room accounts, 1914.

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- O'Neil, Claire J.; Cohannet school; commercial course.
- O'Neil, Gertrude C.; Cohannet school; commercial course.
- O'Neil, Stephen Emmet; "Steve;" Bay Street school; commercial course.
- Pontin, Marion Ford; County Street school; commercial course; cum laude.
- Quail, Myles Henry; "Jynx;" Winthrop school; commercial course; baseball, 1913.
- Quigley, May Elizabeth, Cohannet school; commercial course.
- Rafter, Katherine Louise; Parochial school; commercial course.
- Rayment, Beatrice Sophia; "Bee" "Beaty;" Bay Street school; college course; story and verse writer; associate editor of *Stylus*; member of Kappa Phi Delta; declamation at graduation; author of class ode.
- Rogers, Marion Grace; Raynham Center grammar school; normal course.
- Rubin, Samuel Edward; East Lyme High school of Connecticut, 1910-12; English High school, Boston, 1912-13; story writer for *Stylus*; left field baseball, 1914.
- Ryman, Isabel Victoria; Bay Street school; commercial course.
- Scanlon, Julia A.; Parochial school; commercial course.
- Schefer, Albert Philip; Bay Street school; technical course; preparing M. I. T.; cadet.
- Sears, Evelyn Lewis; East Taunton grammar school; commercial course; neither absent nor excused during four years' course.
- Sheehy, Margaret Catherine; Bay Street school; commercial course.
- Simmóns, Mildred Elwood; "Pudgy"; East Taunton grammar school; commercial course; member of "Ancient Order of Bookworms", 1911.
- Smith, Maydelle Adelaide; Weir grammar school; commercial course.
- Snow, Alice Louise; Cohannet school, commercial course; one of the ten.
- Sprague, Charles Warren; Cohannet school; technical course; private, 1910-11.
- Sturgis, Henry Willis; Cohannet school, college course; private, 1910-12; corporal, 1913; first lieutenant, 1914.
- Sullivan, Ellen Agnes; "Nellie;" East Taunton grammar school; commercial course; member of "Ancient Order of Bookworms", 1912.

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CLASS WILL



E, the class of 1914, knowing that we are to depart forever from the Taunton High School, feel that we must make due provisions for our successors in the lower classes, and revoking all other wills and codicils made by us, hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

To the school, we leave the recent additions in the Mary Hamer Memorial Library, but—(*don't mar the books*).

To the classes of 1915, we leave the privilege of sitting in Room I and listening to the recitations of the freshmen in algebra.

To the commercial pupils of 1915, we leave the bank work and the privilege of taking everybody's dictation.

To the classes of 1916 and 1917, we leave our absolute faith in all teachers, and all our old books, pencils, or spare thoughts that are flying around the building.

To the lower classes, we leave the easy task of finding an editor to take the place of Kistler in managing the *Stylus*.

To the English classes of '15, we leave the privilege of writing a prophecy and will for their *Journal*, and may they find it as "easy" a task as we did.

Among the individual bequests are the following:

M. Atkins:—I leave my ability to charm the fair sex to Charles Goodrich, '15.

G. O'Brien:—To one of the commercial students of 1915, I willingly relinquish the right to take care of the lunch room accounts.

M. Hodgman:—To Bertha Salisbury, I leave my powder puff, and use of the mirror in the senior dressing room.

B. Dunbar:—I leave my marvelous ability to bluff lessons to Reilly '16.

M. Carroll:—I will my ability to write notes during study hours to Alma Cavanaugh '17.

W. Baker:—As I know that Briggs needs my marvelous height, I gladly will it all to him.

W. Boewe:—My prowess on the football field, I bequeath to Leonard '15. Also my empty chair in the barber shop, I leave to J. Gillon '15.

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- "Polly" Manter:—To Reilly '16, I leave my ability to stride over the bases in baseball.
- Anna Kehoe:—I leave my drawing skill in imitating Nell Brinkley to R. Thornton '16.
- Rubin & Murray:—We leave our wonderful power of writing poetry, and all our poems that we forgot to take with us to Flynn '15.
- B. Rayment:—The page my story always occupies in the *Stylus* to Walker '16.
- B. Green:—My piano stool discards and old music, I bequeath to Beatrice Phillips '15.
- A. Tooker:—For Gladys Leonard's benefit, I leave my secret marel wave treatment.
- K. Bignall:—My winning ways and sweet smile, I will to Anna Gormely '17.
- E. Cole:—My knowledge of flirting, I leave to Grace Hardy '17. My ability to dress my hair in many ways, I bequeath to Barbara Murdock '15.
- Ruth Ambrose:—All my superfluous knowledge, I will to Lillian Boyd '17.
- G. Crapo:—I leave my talkative powers to G. Nickerson '15.
- Jordan:—To Cohen '15, I leave my Pickadilly collar and nose glasses.
- H. Kistler:—My desk, waste basket, and privilege of finding the sufficient number of stories and jokes for the *Stylus*, I will to Flynn '15.
My flashing dimples, I leave to Cole '17.

Signed and delivered in the presence of:

RUTH AMBROSE,
MILDRED CARROLL,
GRACE O'BRIEN.

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CLASS OF 1914

Charles Augustus Allen.	†Mildred Hodgman.	Gertrude C. O'Neill.
††Ruth Beatrice Black Ambrose.	Maud Ella Hopkins.	Stephen Emmet O'Neill.
Malcolm Williams Atkins.	Edith Charles Horton.	†Marion Ford Pontin.
††Mary Mildred Atwell.	George Francis Hoye.	Myles Henry Quail.
Florence Louise Avila.	Earl Parker Jordan.	May Elizabeth Quigley.
Winthrop Lewis Baker.	†Anna Hildegarde Kehoe.	Katherine Louise Rafter.
††Clarence Eustis Bassett.	†Marjorie Faye Kingsley.	†Beatrice Sophia Rayment.
Gilbert Francis Beers.	Harold Romaine Kistler.	Marion Grace Rogers.
Katharine Louise Bignall.	Theodora L. Knowles.	Samuel Edward Rubin.
Walter Bruno Boewe.	Ida Mae Lawton.	Isabel Victoria Ryman.
Hazel S. Carpenter.	Andrew J. Leddy.	Julia A. Scanlon.
†Mildred Agnes Carroll.	Mary Ellen Lehan.	Albert Philip Schefer.
Warren L. Chace.	Loretta May Lehmkuli.	Evelyn Lewis Sears.
Ethel Myrtle Cole.	Gertrude Farnham Leonard	Margaret Catherine Sheehy.
Earle Leonard Conant.	††Gertrude Levi.	Mildred Elwood Simmons.
Gladys Louise Crapo.	†Clayton Lincoln.	Maydelle Adelaide Smith.
Harry William Dorigan.	†Rachael Elizabeth Lincoln.	†Alice Louise Snow.
Herbert Lewis Duffy.	D. Andrew MacAdam.	†Charles Warren Sprague.
Charles Basil Dunbar.	†Helen Frances Mackenzie.	Henry Willis Sturgis.
Lincoln Francis Dunlap.	Paul R. Manter.	Ellen Agnes Sullivan.
†Helen Louise Evans.	Surbinas Palmer Marble.	Emerson Ross Surgens.
††Allyn Bailey Forbes.	Helen Catherine Martell.	††Muriel Robinson Swift.
Abby Marjorie Freeman.	John Stuart Mather.	Ida Swig.
Edward Leo Gallagher.	John Francis McCarthy.	Anne B. Tooker.
†Florence Marie Gibbons.	†Mary Lillian McClellan.	Hazelle C. Townsend.
†Ruth Katherine Godfrey.	James Harold McGrath.	Marie Jeannette Tunison.
George Clinton Goodwin.	†Donald Godfrey Merrill.	Doris May Tyndal.
Ruth Green Gorham.	Francis Aloysius Moran.	Lothrop Earl Walker.
Blanche Wilberna Greene.	Mary Louise Morrissey.	Ward Everett Wetherell.
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